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A
THOUSAND
LINES.

45. f23.



1

2

3

A

Thousand Lines:

NOW FIRST OFFERED

TO THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

*" O deem not, midst this worldly strife,
An idle art the Poet brings,—
Let high Philosophy control
And Sages calm the stream of life,
'Tis he refines its fountain springs,
The nobler passions of the soul."*

CAMPBELL.



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J. HATCHARD & SON, 187, PICCADILLY.

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A THOUSAND LINES.

PROLOGUE.

My heart presents her gift ; in turn, of thee
I ask a little time, an idle hour,
Kindly to spend with these my thoughts and me,
Wooing the fragrance of the Muses' bower :
Not without name or note, yet nameless now
As one devoid of fame and skill and power,
Bearing no charge upon mine argent shield,
A candidate unknown with vizored brow,
Full of young hopes I dare the tented field !—
Not so :—this is no time for measuring swords ;
Thou art no craven though thy spirit yield,
For yonder are fair looks and friendly words :
Choose a more peaceful image :—here, reveal'd
Shines a small sample of my golden hoards.

SLOTH.

" A LITTLE more sleep, a little more slumber,
 A little more folding the hands to sleep,"
 For quick-footed dreams, without order or number,
 Over my mind are beginning to creep,—
 Rare is the happiness thus to be raptured
 By your wild whispers, my Fanciful train,
 And, like a linnet, be carelessly captured
 In the soft nets of my beautiful brain !

Touch not these curtains !—your hand will be tearing
 Delicate tissues of thoughts and of things ;—
 Call me not !—your cruel voice will be scaring
 Flocks of young visions on gossamer wings :
 Leave me, O leave me,—for in your rude presence
 Nothing of all my bright world can remain,—
 Thou art a blight to this garden of pleasure,
 Thou art a blot on my beautiful brain !

Cease your dull lecture on cares and employment,
Let me forget awhile trouble and strife,
Leave me to peace,—let me husband enjoyment,—
This is the heart and the marrow of life !
For to my feeling the choicest of pleasures
Is to lie thus, without peril or pain,
Lazily listening the musical measures
Of the sweet voice in my beautiful brain !

Hush,—for the halo of calmness is spreading
Over my spirit, as mild as a dove ;
Hush,—for the angel of comfort is shedding
Over my body his vial of love ;
Hush,—for new slumbers are over me stealing,
Thus would I court them again and again,
Hush,—for my heart is intoxicate,—reeling
In the swift waltz of my beautiful brain !

ACTIVITY.

OPEN the casement, and up with the Sun !
His gallant journey is just begun ;
Over the hills his chariot is roll'd,
Banner'd with glory, and burnished with gold, —
Over the hills he comes sublime,
Bridegroom of Earth, and brother of Time !

Day hath broken, joyous and fair ;
Fragrant and fresh is the morning air,—
Beauteous and bright those orient hues,
Balmy and sweet these early dew ;
O, there is health, and wealth, and bliss
In dawning Nature's motherly kiss !

Lo, the wondering world awakes,
With its rosy-tipp'd mountains and gleaming lakes,
With its fields and cities, deserts and trees,
Its calm old cliffs, and its sounding seas,
In all their gratitude blessing HIM
Who dwelleth between the Cherubim !

Break away boldly from Sleep's leaden chain ;
Seek not to forge that fetter again ;
Rather, with vigour and resolute nerve,
Up, up, to bless man, and thy Master to serve,
Thankful and hopeful, and happy to raise
The offering of prayer, and the incense of praise !

Gird thee, and do thy watching well,
Duty's Christian sentinel !
Sloth and Slumber never had part
In the warrior's will, or the patriot's heart ;
Soldier of God on an enemy's shore !
Slumber and sloth thrall *thee* no more.

ADVENTURE.

How gladly would I wander through some strange
and savage land,
The lasso at my saddle-bow, the rifle in my hand,
A leash of gallant mastiffs bounding by my side,
And, for a friend to love, the noble horse on which I
ride !

Alone, alone—yet not alone, for God is with me
there,
The tender hand of Providence shall guide me every-
where,
While happy thoughts and holy hopes, as spirits calm
and mild,
Shall fan with their sweet wings the hermit-hunter of
the wild !

Without a guide,—yet guided well,—young, buoyant,
fresh and free,

Without a road,—yet all the land a highway unto
me,—

Without a care, without a fear, without a grief or pain,
Exultingly I thread the woods, or gallop o'er the
plain !

Or, brushing through the copse, from his leafy home
I start

The stately elk, or tusky boar, the bison, or the hart,
And then,—with eager spur, to scour, away, away,
Nor stop,—until my dogs have brought the glorious
brute to bay.

Or, if the gang of hungry wolves come yelling on my
track,

I make my ready rifle speak, and scare the cowards
back ;

Or, if the lurking leopard's eyes among the branches
shine,

A touch upon the trigger—and his spotted skin is
mine !

And then the hunter's savoury fare at tranquil even-
tide,—

The dappled deer I shot to-day upon the green hill-
side ;

My feasted hounds are slumbering round beside the
watercourse,
And plenty of sweet prairie-grass for thee, my noble
horse.

Hist ! hist ! I heard some prowler snarling in the
wood ;
I seized my knife and trusty gun, and face to face we
stood !
The Grizzly Bear came rushing on,—and, as he
rush'd, he fell !
Hie at him, dogs ! my rifle has done its duty well !

Hie at him, dogs ! one bullet cannot kill a foe so
grim ;
The God of battles nerve a man to grapple now with
him,—
And straight between his hugging arms I plunge my
whetted knife,
Ha—ha ! it splits his iron heart, and drinks the ruddy
life !

Frantic struggles—welling blood—the strife is al-
most o'er,—
The shaggy monster, feebly panting, wallows in his
gore,—

Here, lap it hot, my gallant hounds,—the blood of
foes is sweet ;

Here, gild withal your dewlapp'd throats, and wash
your brawny feet !

So, shall we beard those tyrants in their dens another
day,

Nor tamely wait, with slavish fear, their coming in
the way ;

And pleasant thoughts of peace and home shall fill
our dreams to-night,

For lo, the God of battles has help'd us in the fight !

THE SONG OF SIXTEEN.

Who shall guess what I may be ?

Who can tell my fortune to me ?

For, bravest and brightest that ever was sung

May be—and shall be—the lot of the young !

Hope, with her prizes and victories won,

Shines in the blaze of my morning sun,

Conquering Hope, with golden ray,

Blessing my landscape far away ;

All my meadows and hills are green,
And rippling waters glance between,—
All my skies are rosy bright,
Laughing in triumph at yester-night :

My heart, my heart within me swells,
Panting, and stirring its hundred wells ;—
For youth is a noble seed, that springs
Into the flower of heroes and kings !

Rich in the present, though poor in the past,
I yearn for the future, vague and vast ;
And lo ! what treasure of glorious things
Giant Futurity sheds from his wings ;

Pleasures are there, like dropping balms,
And glory and honour with chaplets and palms,
And mind well at ease, and gladness, and health,
A river of peace, and a mine of wealth !

Away with your counsels, and hinder me not,—
On, on let me press to my brilliant lot ;
Young and strong, and sanguine and free,
How knowest thou what I may be ?

FORTY.

Ах, poor youth ! in pitiful truth,
Thy pride must feel a fall, poor youth :
What thou shalt be well have I seen,—
Thou shalt be only what others have been.

Haply, within a few swift years,
A mind bowed down with troubles and fears,
The commonest drudge of men and things,
Instead of your—conquering heroes and kings ;

Haply, to follies an early wreck,—
For the cloud of presumption is now like a speck,
And with a whelming, sudden sweep
The storm of temptation roars over the deep ;

Lower the sails of pride, rash youth,—
Stand to the lowly tiller of truth ;
Quick ! or your limber bark shall be
The sport of the winds on a stormy sea.

Care and peril in lieu of joy,—
Guilt and dread may be thine, proud boy :
Lo, thy mantling chalice of life
Is foaming with sorrow, and sickness, and strife ;

Cheated by pleasure, and sated with pain,—
Watching for honour, and watching in vain,—
Aching in heart, and ailing in head,
Wearily earning daily bread.

—It is well. I discern a tear on thy cheek :
It is well,—thou art humbled, and silent, and meek :
Now,—courage again ! and, with peril to cope,
Gird thee with vigour, and helm thee with hope !

For life, good youth, hath never an ill
Which hope cannot scatter, and faith cannot kill ;
And stubborn realities never shall bind
The free-spreading wings of a cheerful mind.

THE SONG OF SEVENTY.

I AM not old,—I cannot be old,
Though threescore years and ten
Have wasted away, like a tale that is told,
The lives of other men :

I am not old ; though friends and foes
Alike have gone to their graves,
And left me alone to my joys or my woes,
As a rock in the midst of the waves :

I am not old,—I cannot be old,
Though tottering, wrinkled, and gray ;
Though my eyes are dim, and my marrow is cold,
Call me not old to-day.

For, early memories round me throng,
Old times, and manners, and men,
As I look behind on my journey so long
Of threescore miles and ten ;

I look behind, and am once more young,
Buoyant, and brave, and bold,
And my heart can sing, as of yore it sung,
Before they called me old.

I do not see her—the old wife there—
Shrivelled, and haggard, and gray,
But I look on her blooming, and soft, and fair,
As she was on her wedding-day :

I do not see you, daughters and sons,
In the likeness of women and men,
But I kiss you now as I kissed you once,
My fond little children then :

And, as my own grandson rides on my knee,
Or plays with his hoop or kite,
I can well recollect I was merry as he—
The bright-eyed little wight !

'Tis not long since,—it cannot be long,—
My years so soon were spent,
Since I was a boy, both straight and strong,
Yet now am I feeble and bent.

A dream, a dream,—it is all a dream !
A strange, sad dream, good sooth ;
For old as I am, and old as I seem,
My heart is full of youth :

Eye hath not seen, tongue hath not told,
And ear hath not heard it sung,
How buoyant and bold, though it seem to grow old,
Is the heart, for ever young ;

For ever young,—though life's old age
Hath every nerve unstrung ;
The heart, the heart is a heritage
That keeps the old man young !

NATURE'S NOBLEMAN.

AWAY with false fashion, so calm and so chill,
 Where pleasure itself cannot please ;
 Away with cold breeding, that faithlessly still
 Affects to be quite at its ease ;
 For the deepest in feeling is highest in rank,
 The freest is first in the band,
 And nature's own Nobleman, friendly and frank,
 Is a man with his heart in his hand !

Fearless in honesty, gentle yet just,
 He warmly can love,—and can hate,
 Nor will he bow down with his face in the dust
 To Fashion's intolerant state :
 For best in good breeding, and highest in rank,
 Though lowly or poor in the land,
 Is nature's own Nobleman, friendly and frank,
 The man with his heart in his hand !

His fashion is passion, sincere and intense,
 His impulses, simple and true,
Yet tempered by judgment, and taught by good sense,
 And cordial with me, and with you :
For the finest in manners, as highest in rank,
 It is *you*, man ! or *you*, man ! who stand
Nature's own Nobleman, friendly and frank,—
 A man with his heart in his hand !

NEVER GIVE UP !

NEVER give up ! it is wiser and better
 Always to hope, than once to despair ;
Fling off the load of Doubt's cankering fetter,
 And break the dark spell of tyrannical care :
Never give up ! or the burthen may sink you,—
 Providence kindly has mingled the cup,
And in all trials or troubles, bethink you,
 The watchword of life must be, Never give up !

Never give up ! there are chances and changes
Helping the hopeful a hundred to one,
And through the chaos High Wisdom arranges
Ever success,—if you'll only hope on :
Never give up ! for the wisest is boldest,
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup,
And of all maxims the best, as the oldest,
Is the true watchword of Never give up !

Never give up !—though the grape-shot may rattle,
Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst,
Stand like a rock,—and the storm or the battle
Little shall harm you, though doing their worst :
Never give up !—if adversity presses,
Providence wisely has mingled the cup,
And the best counsel, in all your distresses,
Is the stout watchword of Never give up !

THE SUN.

BLAME not, ye million worshippers of gold—
Modern idolators—their works and ways,
When Asia's children, in the times of old,
Knelt to the sun, outpouring prayer and praise
As to God's central throne ; for when the blaze
Of that grand eye is on me, and I stand
Watching its majesty with painful gaze,
I too could kneel among that Persian band,
Had not the Architect of yon bright sphere
Taught me Himself ; bidding me look above,
Beneath, around, and still to find Him—here !
King of the heart, dwelling in no fixt globe,
But gladly thron'd within the spirit of love,
Wearing that light ethereal as a robe.

THE MOON.

I KNOW thee not, O moon, —thou caverned realm,
 Sad satellite, a giant ash of death,
 Where cold, alternate, and the sulphurous breath
 Of ravaging volcanoes, overwhelm
 All chance of life like ours,—art thou not
 Some fallow world, after a reaping time
 Of creatures' judgment, resting in thy lot?
 Or haplier must I take thee for the blot
 On God's fair firmament, the home of crime,
 The prison-house of sin, where damned souls
 Feed upon punishment?—O thought sublime,
 That, amid Night's black deeds, when evil prowls
 Through the broad world, then, watching sinners
 well,
 Glares over all the wakeful eye of—Hell!

THE STARS.

I.

FAR-flaming stars, ye sentinels of Space,
Patient and silent ministers around
Your Queen, the moon, whose melancholy face
Seems ever pale with pity and grief profound
For sinful Earth,—I, a poor groveller here,
A captive eagle chain'd to this dull ground,
Look up and love your light in hope and fear ;
Hope, that among your myriad host is one,
A kingdom for my spirit, a bright place
Where I shall reign when this short race is run,
An heir of joy, and glory's mighty son !
Yet, while I hope, the fear will freeze my brain—
What if indeed for worthless me remain
No waiting sceptre, no predestined throne ?

THE STARS.

II.

HENCE, doubts of darkness ! I am not mine own,
But ransomed by the King of that bright host :
In Him my just humility shall boast,
And claim through Him that sceptre and that throne
Yes, world of light,—when by the booming sea
At eve I loiter on this shingly coast,
In seeming idleness,—I gaze on thee,
(I know not which—but one,) fated to be
My glorious heritage, my heavenly home,
A temple and a paradise for me,
Whence my celestial form at will may roam
To other worlds, unthought and unexplor'd,
Whose atmosphere is bliss and liberty,
The palaces and gardens of the Lord !

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

WHEN streams of unkindness, as bitter as gall,
Bubble up from the heart to the tongue,
And Meekness is writhing in torment and thrall,
By the hands of Ingratitude wrung,—
In the heat of injustice, unwept and unfair,
While the anguish is festering yet,
None, none but an angel or God can declare
“ I now can forgive and forget.”

But, if the bad spirit is chased from the heart,
And the lips are in penitence steep'd,
With the wrong so repented the wrath will depart,
Though scorn on injustice were heaped ;
For the best compensation is paid for all ill,
When the cheek with contrition is wet,
And every one feels it is possible still
At once to forgive and forget.

To forget? It is hard for a man with a mind,
 However his heart may forgive,
To blot out all perils and dangers behind,
 And but for the future to live :
Then how shall it be ? for at every turn
 Recollection the spirit will fret,
And the ashes of injury smoulder and burn,
 Though we strive to forgive and forget.

Oh, hearken ! my tongue shall the riddle unseal,
 And mind shall be partner with heart,
While thee to thyself I bid conscience reveal,
 And show thee how evil thou art :
Remember thy follies, thy sins, and—thy crimes,
 How vast is that infinite debt !
Yet Mercy hath seven by seventy times
 Been swift to forgive and forget !

Brood not on insults or injuries old,
 For thou art injurious too,—
Count not their sum till the total is told,
 For thou art unkind and untrue :
And if all thy harms are forgotten, forgiven,
 Now mercy with justice is met,
Oh, who would not gladly take lessons of heaven,
 Nor learn to forgive and forget ?

Yes, yes ; let a man, when his enemy weeps,
Be quick to receive him a friend ;
For thus on his head in kindness he heaps
Hot coals,—to refine and amend ;
And hearts that are Christian more eagerly yearn,
As a nurse on her innocent pet,
Over lips that, once bitter, to penitence turn,
And whisper, Forgive and forget.

“MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.”

EUREKA ! this is truth sublime,
Defying change, outwrestling time—
Eureka ! well that truth is told,
Wisely spake the bard of old—
Eureka ! there is peace and praise
In this short and simple phrase,
A sea of comforts, wide and deep,
Wherein my conscious soul to steep,
A hoard of happy-making wealth
To doat on, miserly, by stealth,
Through Time my reason's ripest fruit,
For all eternity its root,
Earth's harvest, and the seed of heaven,
To me, to me, by mercy given !

Yes, eureka,—I have found it,
And before the world will sound it ;

This remains, and still shall stay
When life's gauds have past away,
This, of old my treasure-truth,
The bosom joy that warm'd my youth,
My happiness in manhood's prime,
My triumph down the stream of time,
Till death shall lull this heart in age,
And deathless glory crown my page,
My grace-born truth and treasure this,—
“ My mind to me a kingdom is.”

Noble solace, true and strong,
Great reward for human wrong,
With an inward blessing still
To compensate all earthly ill,
To recompense for adverse fates,
Woes, or wants, or scorns, or hates,
To cherish, after man's neglect,
When foes deride, and friends suspect,
To soothe and bless the spirit bow'd
Down by the selfish and the proud,
To lift the soul above this scene
Of petty troubles trite and mean,
O there is moral might in this,—
“ My mind to me a kingdom is.”

Carve it deep, with letters bold,
In the imperishable gold,
Grave it on some primal rock
That hath stood the earthquake shock,
Make that word a citizen
Dwelling in the hearts of men,
Sound it in the ears of age,
Stamp it on the printed page,
Gladden sympathizing youth
With the soft music of this truth,
This echoed note of heavenly bliss,
“ My mind to me a kingdom is.”

Aye, chide or scorn,—I will be proud,—
I am not of a slavish crowd ;
No serf is here to outward things,—
He rules with chiefs ! he reigns with kings !
Tell out thy secret joys, my mind,
Free and fearless as the wind,
And pour the triumphs of the soul
In words that like a river roll,
Foaming on with vital force
From their ever-gushing source,
Fountains of truth, that overwhelm
With swollen streams this royal realm,
And in Nilotic richness steep
My heart's Thebaid, rank and deep !

Or bolder, as my thoughts inspire,
Change that water into fire !
From the vext bowels of my soul
Lava currents roar and roll,
Bursting out in torrent wide
Through my crater's ragged side,
Rushing on from field to field
Till all with boiling stone is seal'd,
And my hot thoughts, in language pent,
Stand their own granite monument !

Yes ! all the elements are mine,
To crush, create, dissolve, combine,—
All mine,—the confidence is just,
On God I ground my high-born trust
To stand, when pole is rent from pole,
Calm in my majesty of soul,
Watching the throes of this wreck'd world,
When from their thrones the Alps are hurl'd,
When fire consumes earth, sea and air
To stand, unharm'd, undaunted there,
And grateful still to boast in this,
“ My mind to me a kingdom is.”

Brother poet, dead so long,
Heed these echoes to thy song,

And love me now, where'er thou art,
Yearning with magnetic heart
From thy throne in some bright sphere
On this poor brother, grovelling here :
For I too, I can stoutly sing
I am every inch a king !
A king of Thought, a Potentate
Of glorious spiritual state,
A king of Thought, a king of Mind,
Realms unmapped and undefined,—
A king ! beneath no man's control,
Invested with a royal soul,
Crown'd by God's imperial hand
Before Him as a king to stand,
And by His wisdom train'd and taught
To rule my realms as King of Thought.

O thoughts,—how ill my fellow-men,
O thoughts,—how scanty my poor pen
Can guess or tell the myriad host
Wherewith you crowd my kingdom's coast !
For I am hemm'd and throng'd about
With your triumphant rabble-rout,
Hurried along by that mad flood,
The joy-excited multitude,
A conqueror, borne upon the foam,
Of his great people's gladness home,

A monarch in his grandest state,
On whom a thousand thousand wait !
Lo ! they come—my Tribes of Thought,
Fierce and flush'd and fever-fraught !
From the horizon all around
I hear with pride their coming sound ;
See ! their banners circling near,—
Glittering groves of shield and spear,
Flying clouds of troopers gay,
Serried lines in dark array,
Veterans calm with temper'd sword,
And a dishevelled frantic horde,—
On they come with furious force,
Tramping foot and thundering horse,
On they come, converging loud,
With clanging arms, a glorious crowd
Shouting impatient, fierce and free,
For me their Monarch, yea, for me !

Then, in my majesty and power,
I quell the madness of the hour,
Bid that tumultuous turmoil cease,
And frown my multitudes to peace.
Each to his peril and his post !
All hush'd throughout my mighty host :
Courage clear, and duty stern,—
Heads that freeze and hearts that burn ;
Marshalled straight in order due,
Legions ! pass in swift review,

Bending to my blazoned Will,
Loyal to that standard still,
And hailing me with homage then
King of Thoughts—and thus, of Men !

What ? am I powerless to control
Nations, by my single soul ?
What ? have I not made thousands thrill
By the mere impulse of my will,
When the strong Thought goes forth, and binds
Captive a wondering herd of minds ?
And is not this to reign alone
More than the ermine and the throne
The jewelled state, the gilded rooms,
The mindless man in borrowed plumes ?
Yes,—if the inmate soul outweighs
Its dull clay house in power and praise,
Yes,—if Eternity be true,
And Time both false and fleeting too,
Then, humbler kings, my boast be this,
“ My mind to me a kingdom is.”

And what, though weak and slow of speech,
Ill to comfort, dull to teach ?
What, though hiding from the ken
Of my small prying fellow-men,—

Still within my musing mind,
Wisdom's secret stores I find,
And, little noticed, sweetly feed
On hidden manna, meat indeed,
Blessed thoughts I never told
Unconsidered, uncontroll'd,
Rushing by as thick and fast
As autumn leaves upon the blast,
Or better like the gracious rain
Dropping on some thirsty plain.
And is not this to be a king,
To carry in my heart a spring
Of ceaseless pleasures, deep and pure,
Wealth cannot buy, nor power procure?
Yea,—by the poet's artless art,
And the sweet searchings of his heart,
By his unknown unheeded bliss,
“ My mind to me a kingdom is.”

Place me on some desert shore
Foot of man ne'er wandered o'er,
Lock me in a lonely cell
Beneath some prison citadel;
Still, here or there, within I find
My quiet kingdom of the Mind:
Nay,—mid the tempest fierce and dark,
Float me on peril's frailest bark,

My quenchless soul could sit and think
And smile at danger's dizziest brink :
And wherefore ?—God, my God, is still
King of kings in good and ill,
And where He dwelleth—everywhere—
Safety supreme and peace are there,
And where He reigneth—all around—
Wisdom, and love, and power are found,
And reconciled to Him and bliss,
“ My mind to me a kingdom is.”


Thus for my days ; each waking hour
Grand with majesty and power,
Every minute rich in treasure,
Gems of peace, and pearls of pleasure.
And for my nights—those wondrous nights !
How manifold my Mind's delights,
When the young truant, gladly caught
In its own labyrinths of thought,
Finds there another realm to range,
The dynasties of Chance and Change.
O dreams,—what know I not of dreams ?
Their name, their very essence, seems
A tender light, not dark nor clear,
A sad sweet mystery wild and dear,
A dull soft feeling unexplained,
A lie half true, a truth half feigned :

O dreams,—what know I not of dreams ?
When Reason, with inebriate gleams,
Looses from his wise control
The prancing Fancies of the soul,
And sober Judgment, slumbering still,
Sets free Caprice to guide the Will.
Within one night have I not spent
Years of adventurous banishment,
Strangely groping like the blind
In the dark caverns of my mind ?
Have I not dwelt, from eve till morn,
Lifetimes in length for praise or scorn,
With fancied joys, ideal woes,
And all sensation's warmest glows,
Wondrously thus expanding Life
Through seeming scenes of peace or strife,
Until I verily reign sublime,
A great creative king of Time ?

And there are people, things, and places,
Usual themes, familiar faces,
A second life, that looks as real
As this dull world's own unideal,
Another life of dreams by night,
That, still forgotten, wanes in light,
Yet seems itself to wake and sleep,
And in that sleep dreams doubly deep,

While those same dreams may dream anon,
Tangled mazes wandering on !
Yes, I have often, weak and worn,
Feebly waked at earliest morn,
As a shipwreck'd sailor, tost
By the wild waves on some rough coast,
Of perils past remembering nought
But some dim cataracts of thought,
And only roused betimes to know
That yesterday seems years ago !
And I can apprehend full well
What old Pythagoras could tell
Of other scenes, and other climes,
And other Selves in other times ;
For, oft my consciousness has reel'd
With scores of " Richards in the field,"
As, multiform, with no surprise,
I see myself in other guise,
And wonderless walk side by side
With mine own soul, self-multiplied !
If it be royal then to reign
Over an infinite domain,
If it be more than monarch can
To lengthen out the life of man,
Yea, if a godlike thing it be
To revel in ubiquity,
Is there but empty boast in this,
" My mind to me a kingdom is ?"

—Peace, rash fool ; be proud no more,
Count thy faults and follies o'er,
Turn aside, and note within
Thy secret charnel-house of Sin,
Thy bitter heart, thy covetous mind,
Evil thoughts, and words unkind :
Can so foul and mean a thing
Reign a spiritual King ?
Art thou not—yea thou, myself,
In hope a slave to pride and pelf ?
Art thou not,—yea thou, my mind,
Weak and naked, poor and blind ?
Yea, be humble ; yea, be still ;
Meekly bow that rebel Will ;
Seek not selfishly for praise ;
Go more softly all thy days ;
For to thee belongs no power,
Wretched insect of an hour,—
And if God, in bounteous dole,
Hath grafted life upon thy soul,
Know thou, there is out of Him
Nor light in mind, nor might in limb ;
And, but for One, who from the grave
Of sin and death stood forth to save,
Thy mind, that royal mind of thine,
So great, ambitious, and divine,



Would but a root of anguish be
A madness and a misery,
A bitter fear, a hideous care
All too terrible to bear,
Kingly,—but king of pains and woes,
The sceptred slave to throbs and throes !

Justly then, my God, to thee,
My royal soul shall bend the knee,
My royal soul, Thy glorious breath,
By Thee set free from guilt and death,
Before Thy Majesty bows down,
Offering the homage of her crown,
Well pleased to sing in better bliss,
“ My God to me a kingdom is.”

TARRING CHURCH.

MOTHER,—beneath fair Tarring's heavenward spire,
Where in old years thy youthful vows were paid,
When God had granted thee thy heart's desire,
And she went forth a wife, who came a maid,
With mindful steps thus wisely have we stray'd,

Full of deep thoughts : for where that sacred fire
Of Love was kindled, in the self-same spot,
Thou, with the dear companion of thy lot,
Thy helpmate all those years, mine honour'd sire,
To-day have found fulfilled before your eyes
The promise of old time ;—look round and see
Thy children's children ! lo, these babes arise,
And call thee blessed : Blessed both be ye !
And in your blessing bless ye these, and me.

SONNET, ON A BIRTH.

At length,—a dreary length of many years,
God's favour hath shone forth ! and blest thee well,
O handmaid of the Lord, for all thy tears,
For all thy prayers, and hope, and faith—and fears,
With that best treasure of consummate joy
A childless wife alone can fully tell
How sorely long withheld—her first-born boy :
This blessing is from heav'n ; to heav'n once more,
Another Hannah with her Samuel,
Render thou back the talent yielding ten,
A spirit, train'd right early to adore,
A heart, to yearn upon its fellow-men,
A being, meant and made for endless heaven,
This give to God : this, God to thee hath given.

DUTY.

PEARLS before swine : this is an old complaint ;
In very humbleness and not in pride
The spirit feels it true ; yet makes a feint
To rest with man's neglect well satisfied,
And have its wealth of words, its stores of thought
Despised or unregarded : woe betide
The heart that lives on praise ! considering nought
Of Duty's royal edicts, that command
Thy talents to be lent, thy lamp to shine :
Soul, be not faint ; nor, body, stay thy hand ;
Heed only this,—not whether those be swine,
But whether these be pearls, precious and pure ;
That so, whatever fate the world make thine,
With God for Judge, thy guerdon be secure.

COUNSEL.

FOR MUSIC.

THERE is a time for praising,
And a better time for pray'r,—
The heart its anthem raising,
Or uttering its care :
One minute is for smiling,
And another for the tear,—
Hope, by turns, beguiling,
Or her haggard brother, Fear.

But, if in joy thou praisest
The generous Hand that gave,—
And if in woe thou raisest
The prayer that He may save ;
Thy griefs shall seem all pleasure,
As the chidings of a Friend,
And thy joy's ecstatic measure
A beginning without end !

HOME.

FOR MUSIC.

I NEVER left the place that knew me,
And may never know me more,
Where the cords of kindness drew me,
And have gladden'd me of yore,
But my secret soul has smarted
With a feeling full of gloom
For the days that are departed
And the place I call'd my Home.

I am not of those who wander
Unaffectioned here and there,
But my heart must still be fonder
Of my scites of joy or care ;
And I point sad memory's finger
(Though my faithless foot may roam)
Where I've most been made to linger
In the place I call'd my Home.

BYEGONES.


FOR MUSIC.

“LET bygones be bygones,”—they foolishly say,
And bid me be wise and forget them ;
But old recollections are active to-day,
And I can do nought but regret them :
Though the present be pleasant, all joyous and gay,
And promising well for the morrow,
I love to look back on the years past away,
Embalming my bygones in sorrow.

If the morning of life has a mantle of grey
Its noon will be blyther and brighter,
If March has its storm, there is sunshine in May,
And light out of darkness is lighter :
Thus the present is pleasant, a cheerful to-day,
With a wiser, a soberer gladness,
Because it is tinged with the mellowing ray
Of a yesterday’s sunset of sadness.

RULE, BRITANNIA!**A STIRRING SONG FOR PATRIOTS,****IN THE YEAR 1860.***To the tune of " Wha wouldna fight for Charlie ? "*

RISE ! ye gallant youth of Britain,
Gather to your country's call,
On your hearts her name is written,
Rise to help her, one and all !
Cast away each feud and faction,
Brood not over wrong nor ill,—
Rouse your virtues into action,
For we love our country still,—
Hail, Britannia ! hail, Britannia !
Raise that thrilling shout once more,
Rule, Britannia ? Rule, Britannia,
Conqueror over sea and shore !



France is coming, full of bluster,
Hot to wipe away her stain,
Therefore, brothers, here we muster
Just to give it her again !
And if foemen, blind with fury,
Dare to cross our ocean-gulf,
Wait not then for judge nor jury,—
Shoot them as you would a wolf !
For Britannia, just Britannia,
Claims our chorus as before,
Rule, Britannia! Rule, Britannia!
Conqueror over sea and shore.

They may writhe, for we have galled them
With our guns in every clime,—
They may hate us, for we called them
Serfs and subjects in old time !
Boasting Gaul, we calmly scorn you
As old Æsop's bull the frogs,
Come and welcome ! for, we warn you,
We shall fling you to our dogs !
For Britannia, our Britannia,
Thunders with a lion's roar,
Rule, Britannia! Rule, Britannia
Conqueror over sea and shore.

See, uprear'd our holy standard !
 Crowd around it, gallant hearts !
 What ? should Britain's fame be slander'd
 As by fault on *our* parts ?
 Let the rabid Frenchman threaten,
 Let the mad invader come,
 We will hunt them out of Britain,
 Or can die for hearth and home !
 For Britannia, dear Britannia
 Wakes our chorus evermore,
 Rule, Britannia ! Rule, Britannia !
 Conqueror over sea and shore.

Rise then, patriots ! name endearing,
 Flock from Scotland's moors and dales,
 From the green glad fields of Erin,
 From the mountain homes of Wales,—
 RISE ! for sister England calls you,
 RISE ! our commonweal to serve,
 RISE ! while now the song enthalls you,
 Thrilling every vein and nerve,
 Hail, Britannia ! hail, Britannia !
 Conquer, as thou didst of yore !
 Rule, Britannia ! Rule, Britannia !
 Over every sea and shore.

THE EMIGRANT SHIP.

FOR MUSIC.

FAR away, far away,
The emigrant ship must sail to-day :
Cruel ship,—to look so gay
Bearing the exiles far away.

Sad and sore, sad and sore,
Many a fond heart bleeds at the core,
Cruel dread,—to meet no more,
Bitter sorrow, sad, and sore.


Many years, many years
At best will they battle with perils and fears :
Cruel pilot,—for he steers
The exiles away for many years.

Long ago, long ago !
For the days that are gone their tears shall flow :
Cruel hour,—to tear them so
From all they cherished long ago.

Fare ye well, fare ye well !
To joy and to hope it sounds as a knell :
Cruel tale it were to tell
How the emigrant sighs farewell.

Far away, far away !
Is there indeed no hope to-day ?
Cruel and false it were to say
There are no pleasures far away.

Far away, far away !
Every night and every day
Kind and wise it were to pray,
God be with them far away !



THE ASSURANCE OF HORACE.

I HAVE achieved a tower of fame
More durable than gold,
And loftier than the royal frame
Of Pyramids of old,—
Which none inclemencies of clime,
Nor fiercest winds that blow,
Nor endless change, nor lapse of time,
Shall ever overthrow !

I cannot perish utterly :
The brighter part of me
Must live—and live—and never die,
But baffle Death's decree !
For I shall always grow, and spread
My new-blown honours still,
Long as the priest and vestal tread
The Capitolian hill.

I shall be sung, where thy rough waves,
My native river, foam,—
And where old Daunus scanty laves
And rules his rustic home ;
As chief and first I shall be sung,
Though lowly, great in might
To tune my country's heart and tongue,
And tune them both aright.

Thou then, my soul, assume thy state,
And take thine honours due ;
Be proud, as thy deserts are great,—
To thine own praise be true !
Thou too, celestial Muse, come down,
And with kind haste prepare
The laurel for a Delphic crown
To weave thy Poet's hair.

THE ASSURANCE OF OVID.

Now have I done my work !—which not Jove's ire
Can make undone, nor sword, nor time, nor fire.
Whene'er that day, whose only powers extend
Against this body, my brief life shall end,
Still in my better portion evermore
Above the stars undying shall I soar !
My name shall never die : but through all time,
Wherever Rome shall reach a conquered clime,
There, in that people's tongue, shall this my page
Be read and glorified from age to age ;—
Yea, if the bodings of my spirit give
True note of inspiration, I shall live !

POST-LETTERS.

LOTTERY tickets every day,—
And ever drawn a blank !
Yet none the less we pant and pray
For prizes in that bank :
Morn by morn, and week by week,
They cheat us, or amuse,
Whilst on we fondly hope, and seek
Some stirring daily news.

The heedless postman on his path
Is scattering joys and woes ;
He bears the seeds of life and death,
And drops them as he goes !
I never note him trudging near
Upon his common track,
But all my heart is hope, or fear,
With visions bright, or black !

I hope—what hope I not?—vague things
Of wondrous possible good ;
I dread—as vague imaginings,
A very viper's brood :
Fame's sunshine, fortune's golden dew
May now be hovering o'er,—
Or the pale shadow of ill news
Be cowering at my door !

O Mystery, master-key to life,
Thou spring of every hour,
I love to wrestle in thy strife,
And tempt thy perilous power ;
I love to know that none can know
What this day may bring forth,
What bliss for me, for me what woe
Is travailing in birth !

See, on my neighbour's threshold stands
Yon careless common man,
Bearing, perchance, in those coarse hands
—My Being's altered plan !
My germs of pleasure, or of pain,
Of trouble, or of peace,
May there lie thick as drops of rain
Distilled from Gideon's fleece !

Who knoweth ? may not loves be dead,—
Or those we loved laid low,—
Who knoweth ? may not wealth be fled,
And all the world my foe ?
Or who can tell if Fortune's hour
(Which once on all doth shine)
Be not within this morning's dower,
A prosperous morn of mine ?

Ah, cold Reality !—in spite
Of hopes, and endless chance,
That bitter postman, ruthless wight,
Has cheated poor Romance ;
No letters ! O the dreary phrase :
Another day forlorn :—
And thus I wend upon my ways
To watch another morn.


Cease, babbler !—let those doubtings cease :
What ? should a son of heaven
With the pure manna of his Peace
Mix up this faithless leaven ?
Not so !—for in the hands of God,
And in none earthly will,
Abides alike my staff, and rod,
My good, and seeming ill.

SOCIETY.

ALAS, we do but act ; we are not free :
The presence of another is a chain
My trammelled spirit strives to break, in vain :
How strangely different myself from me !
Thoughtful in solitude, serenely blest,
Crown'd and enthroned in mental majesty,
Equal to all things great, and daring all,
I muse of mysteries, and am at rest :
But, in the midst, some dull intruded guest
Topples me from my heights, holding in thrall
With his hard eye the traitor in my breast,
That before humbler intellects is cow'd,
Silently shrinking from the common crowd,
And only with the highest self-possest.

ON AN INFANT.

Look on this babe ; and let thy pride take heed,
Thy pride of manhood, intellect, or fame,
That thou despise him not : for he indeed,
And such as he, in spirit and heart the same,
Are GOD's own children in that kingdom bright
Where purity is praise,—and where before
The FATHER's throne, triumphant evermore,
The ministering angels, sons of light,
Stand unproved ; because they offer there,
Mix'd with the Mediator's hallowing pray'r,
The innocence of babes in Christ like this :
O guardian Spirit, be my child thy care,
Lead him to GOD, obedience and bliss,
To GOD, O fostering cherub, thine and his !



EPILOGUE.

ARE there no sympathies, no loves between us?
 Is my hope vain?—I have not vext thee long,
 Nor lent thee thoughts from GOD and good that wean
 us,
 Nor given thee words that warp from right to wrong:
 And if, at times, my too triumphant song
 Hath seem'd self-praise,—doth it indeed demean us
 That when a man feels hotly at his heart
 The quick spontaneous fire of thoughts and words,
 He will not play the hypocrite's ill part,
 Flinging aside the meed his Mind affords?
 No! with all gratitude and humbleness
 I claim mine own; nor can affect to scorn
 A gift, of my Creator's goodness born,
 Which is my grace and glory to possess.

VALE.

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